VOLUME IX. NO. XXXXIII.

ASHTABULA, O. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1858. WHOLE NUMBER 461.

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LOADS	una sullin	ABVESTERENG.	\$18 60

Traise those or less of this sire better make a square.

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LIME.—We shall sell Lime at the Harbor the year of 1366, at 28 cents per bushel, and at the Depot at 30. 431 HUMPHRY & HILL. Commission Merchants.

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Leaving Ashtabula-GOING EAST. Leaving Ashtabula-boing WEST.

Day Express West will stop at Blined, Conneaut, Ashtab bula and Palines-lite only.

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tabula, Company and Girard coly.

The Home of Love.

Room in the grave, Thou mottruer crave, Room under the fresh sod ! O look thy lost Bre earth is cast, Then lift thy heart to God. Blow heap the clods upon her breast; Boft, nahes upon nahes rest, And dust give thou to dust; Yet weep not so,

In hopeless woe, Thy child is with the just That throbbing heart has ceased to beat,

That voice is hushed for aye, That footstep light, That look of love, Like gentle dove,

They all have passed away. Yet raise on high Thy weeping eye,

When cruel death Stole thy child's breath, We hovered nigh And bore on high, Yp to the starry skies, Thy bird of Paradist On pinions white Through fields of light, To her Saviour above, To the heaven of love.

O'er those fair plains, In thrilling strains, Upon her harp of gold, 'Mid cherub throng She pours her song, Of melody untold.

Fast thy days fleet, Soon thou shalt greet Thy child in bowers above. There she attends O'er thee she bends

In ministries of love, Cheering grief's bours, Sweet soluce to bring. At the golden gates Thee she awaits,

Resting on her wing. With rapture sweet Soon ye shall meet, In the hone of love Thou shalt clasp thy dove, Clusp her to thy heart, Ne'er again to part.

Imperishable Beauty.

It was a very plain face. My eyes rested upon it, for a moment or two, and then wandered away to the countenance of auother maiden whose beauty ravished the eye of every beholder; and as I gazed with a feeling of delight upon its transcending loveliness, an impulse of thankfulness stirred up in my heart—thankfulness to the creator of beauty. The first maiden sat nlone; around the other a group of admirers. So marked a contrast between the two, as well in features, as in the impression made thereby, excited, first, some-INUS SAVAGE, Farnitare Dealer and Mandowed so poorly; and I turned to look at seemed at that moment more beautiful than ber again with a kinder feeling in my heart, the other; and far more worthy to be loved. thing like pity for her whom mature had en-

me as repulsive. The month, which had about the same time. Her husband was a The crack of the sportman's gun, is heard bidden recfs; but it is without a thought of boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her stater nothing of the ripe fulness that gave such young men of good character, kind feelan enamoring grace to the other maiden, was placed; and though not encircled with them to live in a style of imposing elegunce.

room and looked at me. They did not accompanied by a gentleman whom I knew but something I had seen caused them al- beautiful, but on a closer view the illusion most involuntarily to wander back to the vanished. The mouth had grown sensual, maiden's face. A friend, whom I highly prevish a ill-natured; the eyes were bright, before her. She had lifted her eyes to his change, I arew near and entered into conface, and there was no light in them-not versation with her. a dassling, but a soft, winning light, that

bucity and love made almost beautiful. countenance usattractive no longer.

within that casket other maiden, who was still surrounded by or woman ever sang-I spoke of her. a crowd of admirers.

'Her beauty is wonderful !' I could not which had gathered about her, a slight curl of unlovely scorn upon her lips, and threw at him an arrowy word that wounded as it struck. She saw that it hurt, and a glance of pleasure went forth from her

A filmy veil came between my eyes and that countenance, which a little while before had shown upon me with a loveliness

that was absolutely eachanting.
I turned again to the other maiden, my friend was still before ber, and her eves were lifted to his face. She was uttering sentiments-what, I did not hear, but they side on the first good opportunity, glad to must have been good and beautiful in conception, to have filled every lineament with such a winning grace.

'Ab I' said I, the real truth dawning nr. losing its springtime freshuess, forever and after I left her side. Her husband, for all ing, and this imparts a peculiar ungracefulever advances toward eternal youth.'

A few weeks later, and my friend comheart had been won by the charms of this un room, who was all the while the center of attractive maiden. Oace he had been a wor- an admiring circle. None, perhaps, consid- betrays every row of frame work beneath shipper at the shrine of beauty, and I know ered her face beautiful, yet to every one it. A gay worsted shawl is folded about that only but a few months before, hand who looked upon it, came a perception of the shoulders, and she is bonnetless, but and heart were ready to be offered. Accepted they would have been, for he had viduality. In repose, her features were glossy hair, tied with ribbons is braided and above all, a manly, honorable spirit. Licular. But when thought and feeling down her back. This is an Indian belle.

homely, and this homeliness would be only the more apparent in contrast with his elegant exterior. It was almost on my lips his mind. But I prudently forbore,

not help the utterance of this caution. 'She is not thought to be beautiful?' he replied, seeming to perceive my thoughts ; indeed as to features she is plain, yet in person she is tall, dignified, and with a car-

riage that a queen might envy.' This was true to the letter. I had not thought of it before. Nature had given

at least this compensation.

'But the higher beauty,' he added, all of the soul. All else is soon diminished. Scarcely has the blushing girl stepped forward through the opening door of womanbood, ere we see the lustre of her blooming cheek beginning to tarnish in the social atmosphere, or to pale from hideous disease. But the soul's beauty dies not. It is imperishable as the soul itself. Our bodies die, but the soul is immortal.'

'If she possesses this beauty?' 'I know that she possesses it,' he snswered very warmly. 'I have seen it looking forth from her eyes, wreathing about her lips, and giving to every lineament a heavenly charm. It is musical in every tone of her voice.

'Gooduess alone is beautiful,' I said. 'And she is good,' he replied. 'I never who seemed to take so loving an interest in

humanity.' "That is God-like." 'Is not God the source of all beauty?" 'Ab,' he added, 'I have found, indeed, a treasure! Morning and evening I thank the Good Giver, that he has opened my eyes to see deeper than the unalluring surface. I was dazzled, once, by a glittering exterior ; but I have a clearer vision now. 'Win her, and wear her, then,' I replied,

'and may she be to you all your fancy pic-'She is won,' he answered, 'and I shall wear her proudly in the eyes of all men. There was a world of surprise when it became known that my haudsome friend was about leading his chosen bride to the marriage alter.

'How could be throw himself away and such an ugly creature ? said one coarsely the loveliest,' remarked another. 'He will tire of that face in a month All the gold in Ophir would not tribe me

to sit opposite it for a year." And so the changes rurg. But my friend knew what he was doing was present at the wedding. 'If she were not so homely,' I heard lady remark, as she stood beside her hand-

some young husband. What can be see in I turned and looked at the speaker .-Nature had been kind in giving her an attractive face; but the slight curl of contempt that was on her lip marred every thing. I glanced back to the young bride's

lugs, and with sufficient income to enable

mon worth, had room, and was standing tracted. After awhile, wondering at the unrest, and murmuring to itself of storms the worst enemy who has darkened the give. Ah, if we were always right with

The music of her voice I remembered .-They were conversing, and I watched my ear. A certain abruptness in her man- The hills, and the trees for miles beyond repay, saith the Lord." Tenderly we cross for some time the play of that unattractive ner, born of pride or superciliousness, was to me, particularly offensive. I tried her 'Ah! said I, 'there is a beautiful soul on various subjects in order to bring out some better aspects of her character. The And as I spoke thus, in the silence of Sweedish Nightingale had just been here, my own thoughts, I looked towards the and had sung to my heart as no living man

'Too artificial,' was the reply, with an words, when she turned to one of the group style; she coldly remarked with depreciation on some of its special beauties, merely repeating, as I knew, a certain captious reviewer. I was in doubt whether she had ever read a page of the book. Then I group of Indian Women who have spied me spoke of a lady present. She tossed her at my occupation, and are standing in adhead and arched her lip, saying:

'She is too fond of gentlemen's attention.' I varied still my efforts, but to no good purpose. The more I conversed with her are, compelled to do all the labor, and the less beautiful became her face, for the drudgery, and bear uncomplainingly all unloveliness of her true character was per- abuse. A white woman petted, and edupetually gleaming through and spoiling the cated, and to whom the gentlemen touch tiready sadly marred features. I left her get away. Ten years ago, in all compa- something too far removed from them for nies, slie was the cynosure of every eye .- more than a stolen glance; and even now, The praise of her beauty was on every lip. as they see me raise my head, they are mov-But so changed was she now that none ing away, toes inward, of course. An Inon my mind, here is the inner, imperials bent to do her reverence. I noticed her able beauty. The beauty which instead of sitting alone with a discontented look, long the attention by paid her during the evening ness to the whole carriage. And now, here might have been unconscious of her pre- comes a squaw in hoops. The expanded municated to me the intelligence that his sence. But there was another lady in the skirt, so long it trails upon the ground, and personal beauty, attractive manners, wealth, plain, yet not repulsive in the slightest par-

I was half in doubt at first, of her identity as I gazed upon her from a distant part to remonstrate—to suggest this thought to of the room; she looked, in my eyes, so with a loga-like blanket folded proudly over really beautiful. But the presence of my his breast are added to his costume, and You know her well, I hope?' I could old friend in the group, my old friend who he is ready for conquest. Until the red had been wise enough to prefer beauty of the soul to beauty of the face, removed all questions, and passing over, I added another to the circle which had gathered around

> versation, nothing of conscious pride; but calnt, and at times, earnest utterance of day, his covering by the camp-fire throngs true scattliments. Not once during the the night. "Puss in gloves" occurs to me evening did I hear a word from her lips that whenever I meet one of these dingy lords jarred the better feelings.

> The good are the beautiful ! Many times did this sentiment find spontaneous utterance in my thoughts as I looked upon her, and then turned my eyes to the discontented face of another, who a few years before to the forest at the head of the Bay, to carried off, in every company, the palm of complete our collection of mosses and lich

Yes, here was the imperishable beauty. Maiden! would you find this beauty? No cies to be found here, but we have not yet matter if your features are not cast in class obtaind more than half that number. Up sic moulds, this higher, truer beauty may on one ledge of rocks which we have climbbe yours, if you will seek for it in the de- ed, were ten varieties growing within our nial of selfishness, and the repression of discontent. The good are beautiful. Lay that up in your thoughts. Treasure it as the reindeer's favorits lichens; some of them the most sublime wisdom. Gather into the a pule ash color, others had a like tint, and store-house of your minds sentiments of re- were of a pale sea-green. Then there was met one who so rarely spoke of herself, or gard for others; and let your hands engage a species of moss which resembled miniain gentle charities. To do good and to communicate, forget not. If tempted to murmur, think of your many blessings .--If to repine, of the many thousands who are sick and suffering. Be humble, gentle, forgiving, and above all, useful These are the graces that shine through the onter coverings of the soul, and reveal

themselves in light and loveliness to all eyes. The good never grow homely as they grow old. The outer eye may become dist and the cheek lose all its freshness, but in the place of earthly charms will come a spiritual beauty unfading as eternity.

> For the Telegraph. Surgaron, Oct. 6th, 1858.

Indian summer in the "great Northwest !" It has come to us in all its regal splender, with a coquettish veil of misty 'He might have taken his choice from blue, and balmy breath, and robes of gor- dealy asked her, 'Mary, where do the anoghgeons tints, so gorgeous that the heart ty people lie?" grows sad even in its intensest admiration, for we know it is the "livery of death"- the buried were to arise, and read the intoo beautiful to be enduring. Sigging birds scriptions on their tomb-stones, they would are gleaming in the upper air, pigeons, the suppose they had been in the wrong graves;" autumo's busy gleaners, and plovers in and that "all men are saints after they swarms alight at our very feet, and peer are dead !" But, to me, the sentiment furtively into our faces. Indian boys with which leads us to extol the virtues, and bows and arrows, are every where in purignore the faults of the dead is a boly one. suit of them, their waists encircled by the If while living, they plunged into folly, and dangling forms of those already slain, and perhaps into sing we then might use their our mereiful little girls in agony at the sight, names to "point a moral, or adorn a tale;" are darting about and clapping their hands and then we rightly blamed the weakness, countenance. Her pure soul was shining to cheat the ragged vagabonds of their or the wickedness, which brought them in through it like through a veil. To me she careless prey. About the bays and rivers, fellowship with wo. The rocks on which ber again with a kinder feeling in my heart.

There she sat all alone. Yes her face was very, very plain; but it did not strike.

The short the other; and far more worthy to be loved.

The wild ducks in profusion, and goese with their barques were wretked, are marked.

Richard was leaning against his father with our charts forever, it is true; and far more worthy to be loved.

The brilliantly beautiful made of whom their discordant cries, are already trying within our charts forever, it is true; and far more worthy to be loved.

The brilliantly beautiful made of whom their discordant cries, are already trying within our charts forever, it is true; and far more worthy to be loved.

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The brilliantly beautiful made of whom their discordant cries, are already trying within our charts forever, it is true; and far more worthy to be loved.

The brilliantly beautiful made of whom their discordant cries, are already trying within our charts forever, it is true; and far wild ducks in profusion, and geese with their discordant cries, are already trying within our charts forever, it is true; and far wild ducks in profusion, and geese with

Everybody is out of doors these lovely D. PHILLIPS. Boot and Shoe Store, Fish's a perpetual wreath of smiles, calmiy end the successful of content. Her some given to the lovely bride. But such ever we list, and the greeting is ever the ing are past, they are ours no longer. Az-

arch above them faintly visible. Arch ! I plainer sister.

A few years later and the moral qualities of each were more apparent in their faces. As I looked toward her, with that strange consciousness of observation which all have remarked, but which few can explain, she ing at one end of the room when an over turned her eyes from another part of the dressed woman, with a showy face, came in this. Watch the shadows chase each other man undurance, and who has pitied their lato the smithing as quickly as possible. flash brilliantly, nor strike, at the first glance not as an acquaintance, but as a man of as having in them anything peculiar. They business and the husband of the beauty business and the husband of the beauty business and the husband of the latwere the common eyes we meet at every I should scarcely have recognised the lat- here and there a group of sombre evergreens with him "whose attribute is mercy." turn-no soul in them. My second was ter, but for him. What a change was there? stand boldly out, unchanging in the midst . Henceforth, their frankies are buried deep in tred. Let us get the offender into the different. I had turned my eyes away; At a distance the face struck you as still of change. See how, upon the placid Bay within our inmost hearts. If they have sanshine as quickly as possible, so that trun are mirror'd back the glories of the earth, wounded, and grieved us, all is forgiven out in its warmth. We retain anger, not and sky; and in the distance is the noble how, as we bereafter, hope to be forgiven. That anger may act as a wholestone disciregarded, a young man of more than com- but the brightness repelled rather that at Lake, heaving and sparkling in its strange And who can gaze upon the corpse of even place, but the brightness repelled rather that at

> There was no music in it now; at least to ern shore, a mirage is nearly always visible, von's chancery. "Justice is mine; I will our natural vision are painted on the sky, the stiffening hands upon the peaceful breast appearing now in one place, and now in | - tenderly we lay the pallid form beneath another, moving and disappearing like the sods of the valley, and bid the flowers lights were gleaming, and weeping and wailscenes in a panorama. On the water, small bleom above him until the resurrection ing were heard in that stately mansion boats are magnified into large sailing crafts, morn. tains, and wavelets, into towering villows the arms of God? Reverently we place family, lay upon his costly bed dying. Yes, most led to believe hittself an inhabitant of hearts, 'Be stilled forevermore !'

fairy land. In the street below my window, is a miring awe of a woman who can write !--Miserable slaves to the stronger sex as they their hats reverentially, is looked upon as dian always turns the feet inward in walk:

For all I had seen I was scarcely pre- flowed into them, every eye was charmed. The bean who wishes to make himself pared for this. The maiden might be good There was a nameless grace in her manner irresistable, paints his face in patches of and did not question that but she was so that gave additional power to the attractive remillion, and ties a strip of flannel about ject for punishment. his head, or decorates it with feathers .-Red legins and embroidered moccasons, man casts aside his blanket, it is uscless to think of civilizing him, or of inducing him to bend his energies to toil. It is the cherished badge of freedom from restraint-a necessity of his mode of life; his pride by day, his covering by the camp-fire through of creation, and try to imagine those close wrapped hands engaged in the great battle

of Progressive Life. We are to-day planning a boat excursion ens. It is said there are twenty-seven spe reach. Among them were large tufts of ture marabout plumes; so soft and delicate we pronounced them intended for Queen Titania's coronal. Nevertheless, we purloined a few to add to the treasures already pianed up in our handkerchiefs to be borne to the Senera by our laughing cavaliers, Who presended not to sympathize in

our enthusiasm, but we knew they did ! Occasionally a stormy day will come even to us; and then we find amusement and companionship in books. In the life of Charles Lamb, I met the other day one of those suggestive sentiments which closes the book covers, and sends you off on a tangent of thought.

"When a very little boy, as he was walking with his sister in a cherch yard, be sad-

It has been said jestingly, that "if half ;

seen their goodly ships go down.

eyes were small, her lashes thin, and the honor did not attend the nuptials of her arch above them faintly visible. Arch I I plainer sister.

Same. "Oh what delicious weather !" We have a tradition that Dake Superior has seal upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has seal upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has seal upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has seal upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has seal upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has seal upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has said upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has said upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has said upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has said upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has said upon the marble forms. They have a tradition that Dake Superior has said upon the marble forms. over yonder range of hills, draped to their fearful struggles in hours when only he best boxnes? Is it not true Christian philiso-

pathway of life, and not feel every resent- ourselves, we would oftener be right with Far over the waters, towards the south ment vanish ! Our cause has gone to Hea-

into the Sunshine.

'I wish father would come home." The voice that said this had a troubled

book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa. where he had been lying in tears for half an

his voice, answeredi ets angry. For a few moments the aunt looked at the

oy half curiously, and let her eyes fall gain upon the book that was in her hand. again, and hid his face from sight. en minutes, as the sound of a bell reached

ly 'But you won'te! 'I must confess, replied aunt Phebe, that think a little wholesome discipline of the on would not escape." be. Father is good and loves me.

don't seem to have helped you much.' 'Hush, will you!' ejaculated the boy, xcited to anger by this unkindness of

for the first time. In an under tone she the still waters, and be comforted, in hopes

'You are wrong. Richn d is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him barm rather than good. Again the bell rang, and again the boy

And be went gliding down stairs, 'Ah, Richard,' was the kindly greeting,

not look happy. 'Wou't ron tome in here?' And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's

tannened ? The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he

ble before his futker, over whose countean even voice. The last adalguation of

'I did it.

"I threw my ball in there once only once, in forgetfuluess," The poor boy's tones were busky und A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controll-

ing himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully : 'W that is done, Richard, can't be helped. | kind is equivalent to an election. Mr. Ad-Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can seeand reproof enough for your thoughtless:

arms about his father's neck. You are so He is qualified for practical affairs by long kind-so good ! the sitting room with his father. Aunt of his native State. Phobe looked up for two shadoweds facus p but did not see them. She was puzzled. daugerous visitor has made hir appearance That was very unfortunate, she said, a on the mountain near Effenville,

We have settled all that, Phobe, was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon ;

" Only a Child." on west larger by ales, s. homesters, and it had be-

There was harrying to and fro, bright

half leid by the grand old trees. "Little little elevations along the coast, into moun- "Where do the naughty people the fin In Jamie," the pride and pet, of that ancient help the utterance of this tribute to her ings a ripple of indignation. I referred to which threaten to submerge the shore, So them there, and there may we be placed, the grim monster, who comes alike to rich charms. Yet I had searcely spoken the a new poem remarkable for its purity of strange is the phenomenon that one Is all when death shall whisper to our throbbing and poor, had entered even here, and the little golden-haired boy was closing his eyes unon the suches of his short life. The flowers of six summers had budded, blossomed, and perished, since be came with his childish ways, to gladden their hearts, tong, and the face that looked up was said, to make music in their quiet home, and had Your father will be very angry, said an kept his widowed mother's heart from aunt, who was sitting in the room with a breaking. It was the last tie to be sun dered. But for him, she would gladly have lain her weary head to rest, beside his, who hour, and with a touch of indignation in is resting beneath the green sods of the valley. Oh! how she had prayed, that 'He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never this bud of promise nlight be spared, to become a blessing to all. She had dared to look way off into the future, and think of him, as standing amongst the mighty of the he boy hild himself down upon the sofa land, a laurel wreath, encircling his young brow; her hopes of future, happiness clus-He started up, after the lapse of nearly tored around this feal blossom, and her heart-strings were entwined with his ! his ear, and went to the room door. He how could she give up this, the last of her stood there for a little while, and then came loved ones, she watched beside him thro' dowly back, saying with a disappointed air! days of anguish, and long nights of suffer-'It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come!'

'You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble,' remarked the nunt; who had only for life, he went quietly to his last sleep, been in the house for a week, sild who was bright winged angels bore his little spirit neither very amiable nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subed so well, in health. Tenderly we smooth-I believe, aunt Phebe, that you'd like to ed the tiny curls around his marble brow see me whipped, said the boy, a little warm- and laid him in his satin lined coffin. Ye who say carelessly and thoughtlessly, "only a child," as the bell tells the departure of kind you speak of would not be out of a soul. Can ye tell the many bright hopes place. If you were my child, I am sure crushed, and the prospects blighted in that lone mothers heart, as the great fron tongue 'I am not your child. I don't want to tells the number of years his little feet 'If your father is so good, and loves you trod this bright earth, as it goes crashing so well, you must be a very ungrateful or through her already broken heart. For a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." But look up, sorrowing mother, do you not hear the echo of the patter of little feet upon heaven's starfy floor, as the Good Shepherd leads thy It was the boy's mother who now spoke lambs through the green pastures, and by

> THE ERSCRIVE FRANCHISE .- It is an unquestionable fact, that one third of our legal voters care too little about their right left the sofa and went to the sitting room of suffrage to exercise it. They stay at home on election day, and thus allow oth ers to rule them. Yet the same men would fight to the death in defence of what they thus neglect. It is estimated that the ac-Mr. Gordon took the hand of his Boy. tual number entitled to vote in this State 'But what's the mattdr, my son? You do at the present time exceeds 700,000. total vote of November, 1857, was 440,206 -less by 263,098 than the whole number. Who were they that staid away from the polls? Not the dissipated, reckless, and venal. Such were all on the spot-they always are. They all voted at least once. Rain or shine, they perform their duty. Business never keeps them from election. Bud roads have no terror for them. They tote early and vote often, and would be turned away, and opening the door of the ready every month, if their country should cabinet, brought out the fragments of a need their patrictic services so frequently. broken statuette, which had been sent home. On the other Hand, the stay-at-home citionly the day before, and set them on a ta- zens are usually the very mea who should always rote. They are the sort of people nance came instantly a shadow of regret. who do not like by politics, and do not seek. Who did this, my son? was asked in office. Let them not grumble when mattheir own neglect - N. T. Times

of a happy reunion above.

THE NOMINATION OF CHARLES F. ADIMS. Chas F. Adams has been nominated by the Republicans to represent in Congress the Third Massachusetta District, so long and honorably represented by his father the Ex-President. A nomination of title ams has been a dilgent student of his country's history, and was hardly excelled ness so I shall not add a word to increase by his father in the extent and accuracy of his information with respect to the ques-O, father ! And the boy threw his tions which divide the parties of the day, Five minutes later, and Richard entered and distinguished service to the legislature

little while after Mr. Gordon came in. At County, creating no little alarm and excite-was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined. It is and to be about the one and bears some resemblance to the pantier. A few days ago be descended from a tree after a man, and chased him some distance. He goes howling about the woods at night devastation upon the cattle, sheep,